

# Her Honeymoon Wearing 'Em.

Unusual Letters from Connie Warren de Lasteyrie, the Latest American Countess, Explaining the Odd Delights of a Mule-Back Bridal Trip



THE Countess de Lasteyrie, who was Miss Constance Warren, daughter of George Henry Warren, and niece of the late Mrs. Robert Goetz, of Newport and New York, is the first bride in her extraordinary set to have a mule-pack honeymoon. With the Count, who is a descendant of General Lafayette, and a very prominent young Frenchman himself, the Countess is hunting for the mountain trails of California and Colorado. The ruling passion is strong even in the Countess, and that as the girl is, so the Count will be proved daily by the Countess's letters and the Countess's letters.

As a girl the Countess had one ruling passion—that of outdoing every other girl, and most men, in strenuous sports. She was a mule, and outwalked every girl in Newport except Miss Eleonora, and few men were her superiors.

Miss Warren and Count de Lasteyrie were married in December. They had a perfectly conventional wedding ceremony, and the bride's trousseau was just exactly what any wealthy heiress of fashionable society would want and have. The bride's friends said:

"Now that Connie is married she will settle down and we will never have any more fun; she will become a true lady of the manor, and Newport will miss her eccentricities."

Her delighted family smiled and said: "Now that dear Constance is married she will settle down and we will never have any more fun; she will become a true lady of the manor, and Newport will miss her eccentricities."

But the new Countess said something that differed widely from all these prognostications. "Let's go West on our wedding trip and get loose from all the horrid conventions that have bothered us ever since our engagement was announced. Let's go where I can wear trousers and shoot things that are wild and where you can see just how our Wild West really looks."

And so the mule-pack wedding trip began just when every one supposed that a trip to Europe would be in order. The bride was very canny. She did not take her wedding trunks with the trousseau and other things that she knew she would need. No, she felt some consideration for her conventional mother's feelings, and when the young couple left New York they took with them just the usual going-away garments of the usual bride and groom. But when they reached Chicago the Countess spent two happy days shopping for her hunting outfit, and she also photographed the caretaker of her Newport house to ship her athletic outfit, already packed, to San Francisco.

In order to carry out her cherished, but very unusual plans, the bride had to do some things that she did not want to. For instance, she had to spend a few days on the "Coast." Therefore the Count and Countess went to San Francisco, where they visited friends, and then they went to Los Angeles.

Of course, the Countess knew very well about the West; she had never been in California, and neither had the Count. When, therefore, they packed the Los Angeles bride said: "Now, at last, I shall be able to wear perfectly adorable trousers; they are beautiful, and they are such loves, and here I have never had them on except on my boudoir. I shall certainly wear them to Los Angeles." But, alas, the Countess found that Los Angeles was just as much of a city as San Francisco, and the adorable trousers had to be left in the trunk.

But the bride was not discouraged, and she was searching for the real West, where she could get the grizzlies and the lions and wear the trousers. And she found it, in the wildest part of the Sierras, where the trails go straight up or straight down, and trousseau girls are not feared.

Of this, the real honeymoon, the Countess writes to her friends enthusiastically, and we have been privileged of looking over the shoulder of one of these friends while she wrote, and here is what the Countess writes of her mule-pack wedding trip: "I rode one and Guy one, and we had the other two for the supplies and extra trousers and things. No, we had no guide. We have maps, and what

"It's funny, but every time we plan a bear hunt we always get chased home," writes the Countess.

do we want with a guide? I might as well have brought my maid—only, of course, she would not have come.

"Let me see, what do I think of this West? Well, it is very straight-faced and prim. I might as well think of wearing trousers in Boston as in San Francisco or Los Angeles, but I do not intend to write about that part of the West. It is too tame.

"My first day with the mule was not a happy one. You see 'Jumps' (I call mine 'Jumps' and Guy calls his 'Bumps') had never been ridden by a woman, and he sensed the difference immediately, even though I did wear my breeches. He

"Just between ourselves there are times when I would like to see a first-class chef come ambling up the trail! It is not so very adventurous, after all, to have to make one's own coffee and cook one's own meat. It is adventurous to shoot the meat, but, oh, the cooking of it!

"And the coffee. I make it myself, and it is far harder to drink it than to make it. Guy told me this morning that he has about decided that coffee is bad for his nerves, and that from now on I need make it only for myself. The truth is, that I think it has got on my nerves, too, and I shall not make any more. Perhaps our nervousness will leave us when we get

"Guy shot a big lion yesterday. He says that he really could not help it—that the beast got right in front of his rifle while he was aiming at a rabbitlike animal, and the lion was so much bigger he simply could not have missed him any way.

"I've sent to San Francisco for some more trousers. The four pairs I brought with me are wearing out, and I must not be left breechesless!

"I am far too comfortable without skirts ever to want to wear them again, but I cannot see the chateaux of the De Lasteyrie chateaux going about in trousers! But I'll revel in them while I have the chance.

We had the most exciting time last night. The mules (even Bumps) were as fitful as could be all the evening, and I said that I thought they smelled a bear or perhaps a big cat. But Guy was cross. He had spent the whole day trying to open some cans of beef and fish, and cleaning up the camp generally, and he was tired and cross. I felt fine, although I'd walked ten miles along the trail and been chased five miles back by a brown bear. It is so

A Striking Pictorial Comparison Between the Old and New Style Honeymoons.



outside. Then we heard something crawl away. We did not go out, for, of course, the grizzly might turn and attack us, and we were not in a strategic position for any attack in the open.

"We kept awake until daylight and then cautiously felt our way outside. There was no bear in sight, but, as Guy said he would naturally crawl away to die, we crept down toward the place where we stable our mules, and there we saw some blood. We followed it and it led us straight to the 'stables.' We shuddered, for perhaps we would find that our animals had been butchered by the bear.

"But, no, there we found poor old Jumps leaning up against a tree, looking very sad; his left ear was badly torn and bleeding. The other mules were sniffling at him, and then we knew. Guy had forgotten to feed the beasts, and Jumps had come sniffing around our camp to find some fodder, and he lost his ear instead.

"Guy has been furious all day; says that it was my fault for choosing to come on this kind of a wedding trip. But I tell him that even if our bear had turned out to be a mouse or a goat we had all the excitement we would have had in killing a bear, and all the fears, too. But he does not see things my way any more, and it looks as though we would be soon going where I cannot wear my trousers nor see bears in my sleep."

At latest accounts the Count and Countess de Lasteyrie are still in the mountains, but another range. They are looking for a grizzly in the Rockies, and, as the Count says, "If the bear does not see them first, they may get it."

The Countess de Lasteyrie, Formerly Miss Constance Warren, in a Characteristic Pose.

seemed to have almost human intelligence, and he kicked as much as mother ever did when I tried to introduce the breeches habit into Newport. Guy couldn't help me, for while Jumps was living up to his name Bumps was living up to hers, and she bumped poor Guy off half a dozen times before we got fairly started. But after a while they got used to us and we had very little trouble. I am sending you a sketch showing Guy and Bumps at one sad moment."

The quotations given here are not all from the same letter, but are culled from a series that her friends call the Honeymoon Series. They give mental snapshots of various episodes that occurred to the venturesome bride and her acquiescent husband:

"Our camp is not a bit like the Adirondack camps that I've visited. It is the real thing. We have two shacks, or tents—one to sleep in and one to keep our stuff in, and we eat here in bad weather. We have plenty of running water. The creek runs right in front of our camp, but so far Nature has not provided any running hot water.

"Do you know, there are times when I think that Guy regrets his home comforts and wishes that he had elected to honeymoon at some hotel in New York, where valets are as common as snow is here. And he says that he never has shaved before with cold water. He is a product of an effete monarchy, and will always remain so, I fear.

"The first three days while he was trying to make a lather with icy mountain water, pure and sparkling, he swore frightfully. He does not swear any more, but, then he does not shave any more, either. "Then the day the mountain lion chased us up a frightful precipice he did not seem to be very happy. He seemed to regret something that he had done in his life. I was not unhappy, because I was well ahead of Guy any way. And I adore adventure.



Mrs. Leonard Thomas, the Beautiful Exponent of the Old Honeymoon.

back where good coffee can be found! "How many grizzlies have we shot? S-h-h-h! S-h-h-h! There are none here in California. We are going later to Colorado, where the grizzly, they say, grows as commonly as stones do here. We have several black bears and two big brown ones. I shall have their skins sent to France. Then I killed one mountain lion all by myself. No, I did not shoot it—I was too scared to aim straight—but I rolled a big rock down on him as he was coming up the trail and he fell over the precipice. He is still down there, so that is one skin I won't have.

funny that just as I plan to shoot a bear or a cat I always get chased home by some kind of an animal. I never know before that wild animals were such speedsters. And I never knew either how fast I could run. I'll win all the races next season at Bailey's Beach, I am sure, without trying. But to return to the excitement:

"Guy was too cross to get up and see what the trouble was with the mules, and so we went to sleep, but suddenly I waked up feeling that someone was looking at me. It was just the feeling that you read about in psychological novels.

The Countess de Lasteyrie, the Exponent of the New Honeymoon.

I turned to Guy, for, after all, he is a man, even if I do wear breeches, and I felt that I needed the comfort that a man can give. Guy was—er—well, he'd been working hard, you know, and he—well, he was snoring, but he woke up when I kicked him, and then we both looked round, and there, sniffing round under the edge of our tent, was the wickedest looking nose you ever saw.

"I shuddered and whispered: 'It's a grizzly! I know, for I've seen them at the Zoo, and I've seen pictures of them, too!'

"Guy reached out and found his rifle, and while we were expecting to have our tent topple over each second and be smashed by the bear, Guy lifted his rifle and fired. It was a terrible moment. There was a most unearthly shriek—one that seemed almost human—and then the most horrible clatter and rumbling

## Why Rag-Time Is the True Music of "Hustlers"

THE new and tremendous vogue in London of popular "rag time" music—which originated in the United States about twenty years ago and steadily gained in public favor ever since—has inspired that grave and weighty newspaper, the London Times, to justify, even to applaud, "rag time" in the following whole-hearted manner:

"There is no doubt that there is at present one class of creative and executive artists whom the public of the United States is disposed to idolize and enrich—namely, the composers and singers of 'rag time.' Can the world also respect them? Character and vigor earn respect all the world over, even when the character is unpleasant and the vigor misdirected.

"Now of the character of 'rag time' there can be no doubt—it is absolutely characteristic of its inventors— from nowhere but the United States could such music have sprung; it is the music of the hustler, of the feverishly active speculator; of the 'skyscraper' and the 'grain elevator.' Nor can there be any doubt about its vigor—vigor which is, perhaps, empty sometimes and meaningless, but, in the hands of competent interpreters, brimming over with life.

"Here, perhaps, then, for those who have ears to hear are the seeds from which a national art may ultimately

spring. Much dross will have to be cleared away in the process, much vulgarity and senselessness will have to give place to a saner, a finer ideal.

"What then is 'rag time'? Mr. Louis Hirsch, a well known composer of such music, has recently declared that the essence of 'rag time' is the mixture of two rhythms. Mr. Frank Kidson, in 'Grove's Dictionary of Music,' defines 'rag time' as 'broken rhythm,' and it may be added that in American slang to 'rag' a melody is to synopate a normally regular tune.

"Rag time,' then, may be said to be a strongly synopated melody superimposed on a strictly regular accompaniment, and it is the combination of these two rhythms that gives 'rag time' its character.

"Nor must the words of 'rag time' songs be forgotten; they must not be contemptuously dismissed as meaningless rubbish. They may be anything as literature—indeed, they often cannot be said to be either sense or grammar—but for all that they are an interesting study in the fitting of a verbal to a musical pattern. No one in his senses tries to hear the words of a 'rag time' song with a view to understanding their meaning; but any one can hear enough of them to see how the metres and rhyme-schemes emphasize and increase the rhythm of the music."